

¹Ap5^ais!S] [THE SOUL OF MAN,] *NOSCE*
TEIPSUM ! 193

Either at first uncapable It is;
And so *few* things or none at all
receives; Or marred by accident
which haps amiss_f And so amiss it
everything perceives;

Then as a cunning Prince that useth spies;
If they return no news, doth nothing
know! But if they make advertisement
of lies, The Prince's Council all awry
do go!

Even so, the Soul, to such a Body
knit, Whose inward senses
undisposed be,
And to receive the Forms of things
unfit; Where nothing is brought in,
can nothing see!

This makes the Idiot, which hath yet a mind,
Able to know the Truth, and choose
the Good ; If she such figures in the
brain did find ! As might be found, if it
in temper stood.

But if a frenzy do possess the brain ;
It so disturbs and blots the forms of
things, As Phantasy proves altogether
vain,
And to the Wit, no true relation brings*

Then doth the Wit, admitting all for true,
Build fond conclusions on those idle
grounds ! Then doth it fly the Good,
and 111 pursue!
Believing all that this false spy propounds-

But purge the humours, and the rage
appease; Which this distemper in the
Fancy wrought: Then will the Wit,
which never had disease! Discourse
and judge discreetly, as it ought.

So though the clouds eclipse the Sun's
fair light, Yet from his face they do not
take one beam ! So have our eyes their
perfect power of sight, Even when they
look into a troubled stream*